THE

FATAL EFFECTS

OF

Luxury and Indolence,

Exemplified in the Hiſtory of *Hacho*,
King of Lapland.

A TALE of Dr. S. JOHNSON's verſified.

CHESTERFIELD;
Printed by J. BRADLEY, MDCCLXXVIII.

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THE FATAL EFFECTS OF *LUXURY and INDOLENCE.*

IN Ages gone a King of Lapland liv'd,
Who in his youth great Feats of War atchiev'd,
Hacho his Name. His Deeds as Poets ſay,
Are on a flinty Pillar wrote this Day
Erected on the Rocks of ſteep *Hanga*. §
Oft at their conſecrated Nightly Fires,
His ſacred Name the Lapland Bard inſpires,
And as he carrols of the mighty King,
Soft as his Voice replies the trembling String;
For O ſweet Harp! how great thy Power to charm,
When by ſuch Hands thou'rt touch'd, and when ſuch Subjects warm.

Curious, inquiſitive, devoid of Dread,
By his great Soul, and native Proweſs led,
The mighty Lake of *Wether* ſail'd he o'er
And landed ſafe upon the Hallow'd Shore
Of that fam'd Iſle, which myſtic Wizzards bore.
There he deſcended, unappall'd, alone,
Down a dark vault, for Ages paſt unknown.
Within this Cave he a Magician found,

Whom

§ A mountainous Country in Lapland.

Whom ſix long Cent'ries had therein kept bound;
And read upon his ruſty brazen Mace,
Strange Gothic Characters which Time could not efface.
'Bitters are wholeſome, Taſte of Sweets forbear,
'Remember this, O Mortal, and beware.'

Sage Chroniclers report his Eyes ſo bright,
That ſharpeſt Spears he blunted with his Sight.
An Iron Veſſel of prodigious Weight,
He bore five Furlongs from his Father's Gate,
In preſence of his Chiefs: And yet I ween,
He hardly twelve revolving years had ſeen.

Nor was his Wiſdom, or his Prudence, leſs;
Some of his Proverbs Laplanders poſſeſs;
The Vigilance of God t'expreſs, he ſaid,
'Great *Odin's* † Belt was always buckled.'
To ſhew in the moſt proſp'rous State of Life,
Turns were abounding, and foul Dangers rife,
His Leſſon was, 'when e'er on Ice you ride,
'Beware the Pits deceitful Ice may hide.'

His People he conſol'd, when once they were
For quitting home, to ſeek a warmer Sphere,
By reas'ning thus; 'that tho' yon Eaſtern Nation
'May boaſt Fertility, quick Vegetation,
'Yet what was that when joyn'd with endleſs Fright,
'Which ſeiz'd the poor Inhabitants each Night;
'Trembling and fearful in their beds they lay,
'With Apprehenſions of the riſing day;
'For when from *Thetis* iſſues forth the Sun,
'With horrid Noiſes his Career's begun,
'Such as almoſt the wretched Hearers ſtun.'

With

† Principal Deity of the Northern Regions.

With theſe and like Diſcourſes he aſſail'd
The liſt'ning Ear, and o'er the Heart prevail'd:
No longer each deſir'd to leave his home,
Or in more kindly climates wiſh'd to roam.

His Temp'rance next deſerves our loudeſt Praiſe,
Severe his manners, and yet ſoft his ways;
From early years no wine he ever took,
And ev'n a painted Cup he ay forlook,
Nor on rich Veſſels deign'd he once to look:
With Spear in hand he conſtantly would ſleep,
And on his back his Armour ever keep,
Nor would he uſe a Battle Ax, 'tis ſaid,
Whoſe poliſh'd Handle was with Braſs inlaid;
Why did he not with Honour perſevere?
Or why not finiſh now his bright Career?

One Eve returning from the toilſome Chace
Of *Gulos* * and the various ſavage Race,
Within the Solitary Wood he ſtray'd,
Loſt and bewilder'd in it's gloomy ſhade;
By hunger haraſs'd, and half dead with Thirſt,
Oppreſs'd he walk'd, On *Odin* ſole his Truſt;
When gazing round with ſcrutinizing Eyes,
Within the Hollow of a Pine he ſpies
A ſtore of Honey: Greedily he fed,
On what at length his ſure Deſtruction bred;
Short ſighted Man! how bleſt had been thy Lot,
Had'ſt thou with it been poiſon'd on the Spot?
Since then thy Fame and Honour would remain,
When now thou'll fall ingloriouſly ſlain.

Pleas'd

* A kind of wild Dog.

Pleas'd with a Reliſh erſt to him unknown,
Honey was plac'd each day before his Throne;
His Palate now grew vitiated, refin'd,
The ſimpler Fare was by degrees reſign'd,
And love of Delicates uſurps his mind.
The Spacious Gardens of his Caſtle he
For length of time had not vouchſaf'd to ſee,
In which the luſcious Fruit, to time a Prey,
For want of Gath'ring ripen'd to decay;
Now each revolving Autumn as it paſt,
The Produce was preſerv'd, and hoarded for his Taſte.
From Luxury to Luxury he falls,
And for the Bacchanalian Juices calls;
And tho' at firſt they cautiouſly were us'd,
Yet by degrees they baneful Fumes infus'd;
A Looſe is giv'n to that Exceſs they breed,
And to Debauch Debauches new Succeed.

Decency and Order now deranged,
The whole Simplicity of Life is chang'd;
Ev'n in his Chambers gilt, are ſmelt perfumes
Of Pines the ſweeteſt, and the choiceſt Gums;
The Aromatic Fir, with vaſt Expence,
And richeſt Woods are burnt to pleaſe the Senſe.
His Helm undeck'd no longer gives Delight,
It's Plaineſs now grows odious to his Sight;
In equal Rows and niceſt Order plac'd,
With Rein-Deers beauteous Teeth the Front is grac'd,
Thus indolent Effeminacy ſtole
By ſlow Degrees and ſeiz'd on all his Soul;
Lax'd were the Sinews of his wiſe Reſolves,
All Thirſt for military Fame diſſolves.

One Morning as the alter'd *Hacho* roſe,
Immers'd in Pleaſure, ſunk in ſoft Repoſe,

It was reported, and with wild Affright,
That hideous Omens had diſturb'd the Night;
Crows, Ravens, Owls and Bats, a numerous Crew,
With horrid Noiſes in the Temple flew;
The Oil from *Odin's* Lamp perpetual, they
Updrank, then ſcreeching clap'd their Wings and flew away

But this diſaſtrous Tale was ſcarcely told,
When to his Ear much feller Tidings roll'd;
That Norway's Monarch with an hoſtile Band,
Was ravaging the Frontiers of his Land.
The poor unnerved *Hacho* ſtrives in vain,
His Strength and wonted Courage to regain;
Some latent Sparks howe'er are ſtill poſſeſt,
Which warm his Soul, and animate his Breaſt;
Straight he equips him for the martial Fight,
But can't forget the Horrors of the Night,
Now arm'd he marches on to join the Foe,
But faintly moves with ſolemn Pace and ſlow;
Not with that ardent Haſte, or eager Heat,
With which he us'd his former Foes to meet.

It chanc'd within the Foreſt near that Ground
Where *Hacho* firſt the fatal Honey found,
The adverſe Armies met. The Norway Knight
In ſingle Combat dar'd the King to fight.
With beating Heart, and mind-preſaging roſe
The Lapland Chief; t'aſſail his Foe he goes;
But ſmall, alas! his Courage to oppoſe.
His Arm relax'd firſt feels his Weapon's weight,
And cumbrous Armour, now impedes his Gate.
No longer on the dire miſhap to dwell,
By Strength of Arms he ſoon o'erpower'd fell.
The Norway King inſulting o'er his Foe,
His Head diſſevers at one mortal Blow,

But not before this Exclamation, which
Our modern Laplanders their Children teach.

' From the first 'lurements offer'd him by Fate
' The vicious man should his Destruction date;
' Too justly am I punish'd for my Vice,
' By falling in this place a Sacrifice.
' 'Twas in this Forest that I first begun,
' To quit those Paths I had with Virtue run;
' Had Nature's Rules, had Temp'rance, been my Guide,
' I had not by the haughty Norman died;
' Honey's bewitching Sweets, ye Soldiers know,
' And not stern Norway's King, subdues *Hacho*.'

FINIS.